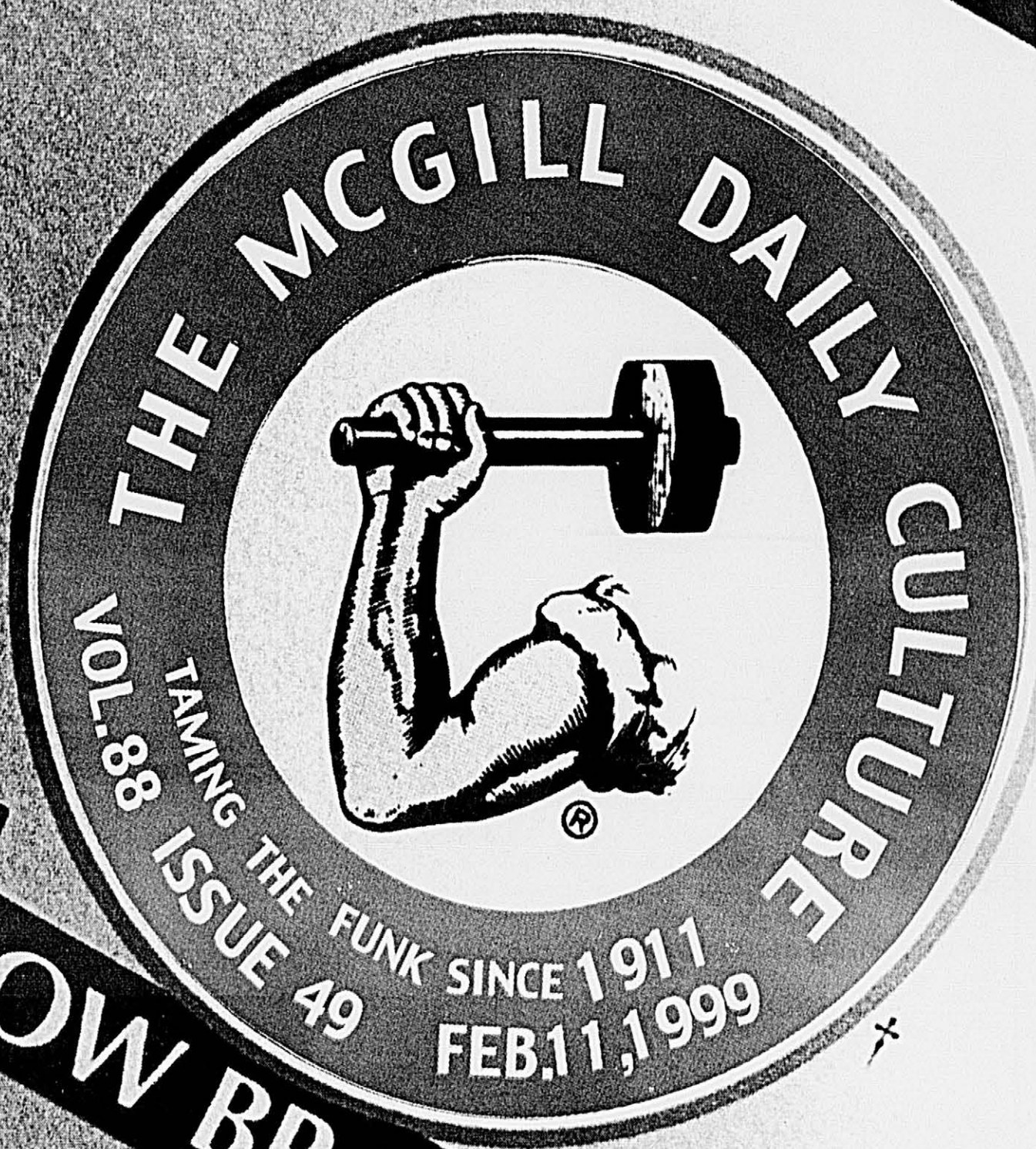
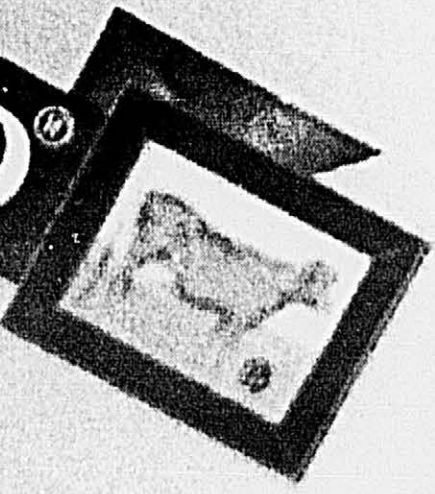




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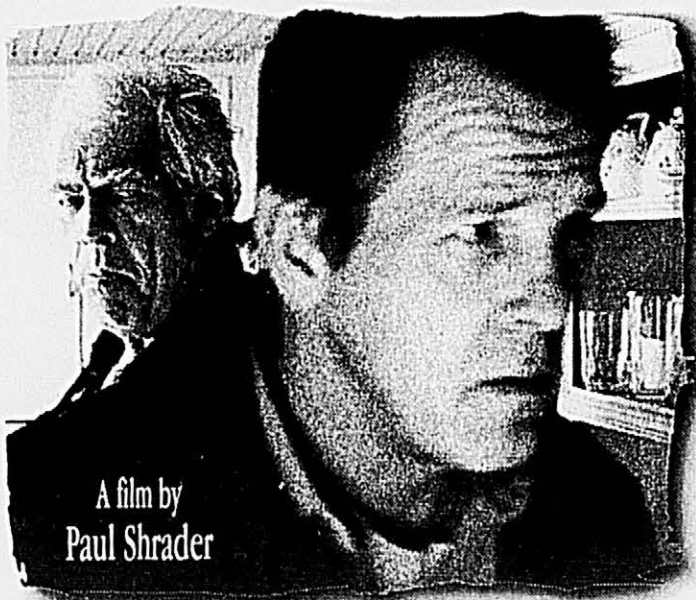
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The McGILL Daily

volume 88 number 49

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Eating Disorders not Always Linked to Body Image

As a person who has struggled with the effects of a diagnosed eating disorder for many years, I resent the constant generalization that anorexia and bulimia are caused solely by issues of body image. I believe the constant condemnation of the cover page model and the diet industry belittles the immensity of our society's eating disorder problem. We commonly fail to focus on the severe lack of self worth that would spark a slow suicide by means of starvation. We instead blame a pretty face on a magazine and claim that this disease is a result of a need to fit into a smaller dress size.

I myself have never been on a "diet" to lose weight, instead I have starved myself for reasons much deeper than an idealized image of beauty. To blame such a mass suicide on something as frivolous as a magazine is both offensive and ignorant to the issue at hand. Rather than resorting to such a simplistic explanation and placing blame on Kate Moss and Jenny Craig, we should instead investigate what we as a society do to provoke a detrimental lack of self-worth in our daughters and sons.

I, as a diagnosed anorexic, never once flipped through a magazine and wished I was someone else. I did not experience the daily pain of hunger because I hated my body. I subjected myself to life-threatening starvation because I hated myself. No diet commercial or covergirl did that. Society did. I did.

There is a vast difference between someone on an out of control diet to fit into a size 3, and someone who lacks the will to eat because they lack the will to live.

So-called experts, feminists and journalists would do better to ask the victims what causes an eating disorder.

SMF
UO Education

Open Letter to Duncan Reid

Hello Mr. President (Duncan Reid),

I was pleased to read your letter about the proposed McGill Fund in The Tribune the other day. I was also glad the fee was reduced to \$38. Your proposed fund sounds reasonable however I have a few suggestions concerning the way the budget will be spent. As you said, one part of the fund will be spent on helping students in very difficult financial conditions.

I think the amount allocated should be reduced. I understand your point about how we don't want a university with just wealthy students. I also firmly believe in

equality of opportunity for education.

However, I think this matter falls under the hands of the Canadian government which provides student grants and loans. Yes, we should also help our fellow students. But I'd also like to point out that few of us are lucky enough not to have to worry about tuition. But generally speaking, we all have our own financial struggles and I think it is needless to add another financial burden (to our already heavy load) in order to alleviate another student's financial burden.

It would be an ideal world if we could take from the rich and give to the poor. But you and I

Mr. President know that it's unfortunately not possible. Some of the fund money allocated to helping students in financial difficulty should be transferred to the section which will help libraries.

As for the amount dedicated to the reconstruction of the Shatner building (making it safe), I think the amount is appropriate.

Give us our Four Floors back!!! (P.S. The cheap imitation 4 Rooms sucked). But what will happen to that portion after the reconstruction is finished and paid for? Anyways, these are suggestions from a concerned student.

Anonymous student

the mcgill daily WOMEN'S special issue is coming out soon

all interested contributors should speak to amy or anna at 398-6784 if you haven't already, or come to a meeting thursday, february 11 at 4:30 in shatner b-03

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The Daily welcomes any and all comment, criticism, and letters to the editor. Please drop off at our office in B-03 Shatner, or email us at daily@generation.net, or fax us at 398-8318. Letters should be no more than 300 words.

Setting up House

THE SEARCH FOR DIVERSITY IN THE MONTRÉAL MUSIC SCENE by Kelly Jackson

I'm sure you've seen those signs advertising classes at McGill - "Searching for that elusive elective..." - these signs parallel

Montréal seemed prudent. I was curious as to what opinions people would hold on the matter.

When asked about house's all

biased.

After talking to numerous partyers and clubbers, I came to the conclusion that one of the reasons why the

Montréal scene is what it is, has a lot to do with a lack of a strong rave scene. An established rave scene inevitably leads to more diversity. In 1994, Montréal witnessed the complete transformation from raves to rave-clubs like Sona. The 514 Crew is the only production company that still throws random parties.

When you have both rave-clubs and raves throwing parties every weekend, the result is an increased number

of venues and slots for a variety of DJs. In Montréal the choice between a rave and a rave-club doesn't exist on the average weekend, whereas in the case of Toronto, if one chooses to attend a rave (over a rave-club), there is most likely at least two parties to choose from. It becomes purely an issue of arithmetic.

Raves rarely have only one room. Two rooms double the number of DJs that will get the opportunity to play. And two raves happening on the same night means the number is quadrupled. In addition, two parties on the same night in competition with each other and various clubs, result in the need to offer up something new or different for the ravers. In order to try to get more people out, it may be required for a production company to add a strictly techno or jungle and drum & bass room. This creates a greater opportunity for people to broaden their musical horizons.

A partyer heads out one night to check out a favoured house DJ and ends up in the jungle room because they wanted to cool off or meet a friend. They hear some music; maybe they like the DJ. The next time they pick up a flyer for a party, they see his/her name alongside another favourite and consider it an added bonus. They may willingly get swallowed into that scene. This was a common experience among many of the people with whom I spoke, who have experienced scenes in places other than in Montréal.

Sarah Repin, one Montréal club kid I spoke with, felt the old rave scene had played an instrumental role in introducing her to new forms of music. "Being a part of the rave scene" she said, "really broadened my musical tastes. I didn't even know what drum & bass was until I started to party outside of clubs."

Patrick Brown, a member of the Toronto-based Toby Styles' Production Team, and avid partyer in both the Montréal and Toronto scenes agreed that house does reign high in Montréal. He used the example of a recent tour to illustrate the lack of knowledge and appreciation of "music not categorized as house" generally found within the Montréal music scene. Late last fall, DJ Krust and MC Dynamite, both members of Reprazent, did shows in Montréal and Toronto. Brown, who came to see the show here, commented that it was astonishing that an international act of such high quality was so poorly attended. "There was at the maximum 200 people present".

The level of attendance had nothing to do with promotion for the shows, as it was heavily promoted, and Brown stated that its flyer was the first thing he saw upon his arrival to the city. The show played later that week in Toronto to a crowd of more than a thousand. Population difference or not, it is sad that a class act like Krust, not only well-known for a phenomenal number of remixes but also part of a group that has recently had an extremely successful album, couldn't draw more than a mere 200 people.



JASON SKILZ AND ICICLE AT BLUE DOG

the situation of any non-house, electronica music in this city. Ever since I first arrived here, (a little over a year and a half ago), I have kept hoping that one day I would pick up the paper or be on the metro and see an ad advertising that elusive drum & bass/ triphop/ techno/ jungle/ breaks scene in the city. Yet seemingly, nothing can break down the walls of Montréal's house.

The scene here is dominated by house music and lacks the diversity found in other Canadian cities, such as Toronto or Vancouver. Drum & bass, jungle and more diverse forms of music do exist, but are much harder to find than house. On any given night, one can go out and listen to some good, or at the very least, decent house. The same is simply not true for these other types of music. Unfortunately, the drum & bass played at the Second Cup is not enough to constitute a scene in Montréal. The bottom line becomes obvious: there is no diverse music scene.

The question then, is why? I embarked on a quest to find out. It seems strange that there should be such a lack of variety in Montréal since it is a large cosmopolitan city, and does have a culturally diverse composition. Getting at the roots of house music's domination in

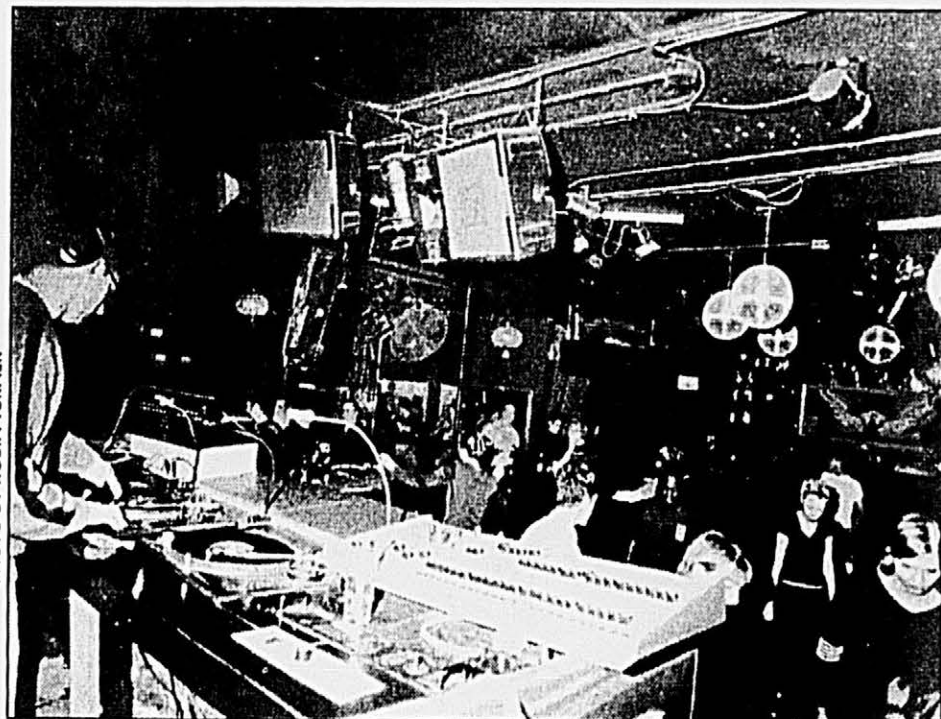
encompassing nature, Michael from Stereo commented that my observation wasn't true. "House has a strong history in Montréal, and there is a strong appreciation for it." He continued, "At the least, I feel there is a strong open mindedness of diversity here." He also pointed to evenings at Angel's, Jai Bar and Jingxi that do showcase other types of music as an example of the diversity he feels existed in the scene.

Unfortunately, one or two evenings a week does not constitute a scene, and these nights are still in competition with house music. If you want to hear house, you don't have to look very far. However, if you want to go out and hear some decent jungle, you'll definitely have to do some research. Having to make an extra effort is not necessarily a bad thing, but it can definitely become a hassle.

On two nights out of seven, (Friday and Saturday), there are at least 20 different DJs spinning house (as listed in *Mirror*). In a given week, one would be lucky to find 20 locales showcasing any electronica music other than house. Michael later confessed that he had a strong love for house, and, since house-lovers make up most of the crowd Stereo usually caters to, it's possible that his opinion, though valid, may be somewhat

biased. After talking to numerous partyers and clubbers, I came to the conclusion that one of the reasons why the Montréal scene is what it is, has a lot to do with a lack of a strong rave scene. An established rave scene inevitably leads to more diversity. In 1994, Montréal witnessed the complete transformation from raves to rave-clubs like Sona. The 514 Crew is the only production company that still throws random parties.

When you have both rave-clubs and raves throwing parties every weekend, the result is an increased number of venues and slots for a variety of DJs. In Montréal the choice between a rave and a rave-club doesn't exist on the average weekend, whereas in the case of Toronto, if one chooses to attend a rave (over a rave-club), there is most likely at least two parties to choose from. It becomes purely an issue of arithmetic.



DRUM AND BASS AT ANGELS

Raves rarely have only one room. Two rooms double the number of DJs that will get the opportunity to play. And two raves happening on the same night means the number is quadrupled.

In addition, two parties on the same night in competition with each other and various clubs, result in the need to offer up something new or different for the ravers. In order to try to get more people out, it may be required for a production company to add a strictly techno or jungle and drum & bass room. This creates a greater opportunity for people to broaden their musical horizons.

that a non-house night will be successful."

The onus now lies in the hands of those who want to see increased diversity in the scene. To promote diversity, we have to water its seed; we need to go out and support the nights that do already showcase different kinds of music. This is one house in desperate need of renovation.

FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP

RUSHMORE AND A FEW KEYWORDS FOR
LEXICOGRAPHICAL CONNOISSEURS AND
OTHER NINCOMPOOPS

Love. Expulsion. Definition.

by Beverly Von Snot

Mesmerism *n.* Hypnotism before it wore good clothes, kept a carriage and asked incredulity to dinner - Ambrose Bierce (1842 - 1914?), the Dennis Rodman of Lexicographic theory.

Waiting in the cinema lobby last Friday, I noticed McGill film professor Trevor Ponech hulking about in a brown jacket. I immediately hid behind the popcorn topping tray. From this corner, I soon became mesmerized by the poster for *Rushmore*, and tried to pick out famous faces as I also picked my nose. I wiped the booger on the napkin holder and pondered the meaning of the film's slogan: Love. Expulsion. Revolution.

Rushmore, last week's release from Touchstone Pictures (the #1 What-Have-You-Done-For-Me-Lately studio), stars newcomer Jason Schwartzman, deft veteran Bill Murray and ascendant actress Olivia Williams (an imported Shakespearean from England). The film is directed by Wes Anderson (*Bottle Rocket*) and co-written by Owen Wilson (the goofy Texan in *Armageddon*). As the lights went down and the film went up, I thought about the news release Touchstone sent me. It

opens with the phrase "Dear Friend..."

Friendship, *n.* A ship big enough to carry two in fair weather but only one in foul.

Rushmore alludes as fast as I can draw a six-shooter at high-noon. That's not to say it's narrative is cumbersome, like my cowboy spurrs in Canadian February. It's more like googly eyes - a little childish and stupid, but amusing for at least 93 minutes. Besides *Rushmore* features a scene with a grizzled, fat, mustachioed Bill Murray in Budwieser boxer shorts, holding a smoldering sweet Virginia cigarette nestled neatly betwixt chubby fingers, jumping into a pool in a parody of *The Graduate*. Talk about high art. Just thinking about it gets me hot and bothered.

The story is about a fifteen year-old iconoclast named Max Fischer (Schwartzman) who is the quintessential *studentis extracurricularis*: a scholarship student failing out of America's most exclusive boys prep school, *Rushmore*, because he's too busy being president of every student club and organization imaginable. He spends his spare time writing plays that rip off such

movies as *Serpico* and *Full Metal Jacket*; falling in love with primary school teacher Miss Cross(Williams); and forging a strange friendship with renegade *Rushmore* alumnus Mr. Blume (Murray).

When Blume's libido turns adulterously in Williams' direction, the war between a 15-year old self-made sham with too many wits about him and a dumpy old man with just enough grits about him erupts like the puss from the recently popped zits upon me. Meanwhile, Williams doesn't give a flying so and so for either gentleman caller.

War, *n.* A by-product of the arts of peace.

Fischer isn't like the Ferris Bueller of yesteryear. He's bossy, cold, self-centered and has but one great talent - high school. Though walking and talking the walk and talk, Fischer's actual intelligence and creativity is about as dodgy as Mr. Rodman in high-tech sneakers or Vegas chapels. This is an immense boon to the film. More than timing, a comedy rests on precise proportions, just like a good gin martini. *Rushmore* is 2% tenderness, 10% heart wrenching introspection, 5% exploring and penetrat-

ing cultural norms, and 83% she-nanigans. The visual style is nice, with intermittent scene breaks via a blue velvet curtain, and a healthy serving of blue blazers with brass buttons, which always reminds me of high-school debaters from the Berkshires. The movie has a modest ambition, and

makes good on the promise of it's trailer. For the first time in months I felt as though I'd been treated well by advertising. Curious.

On my way out of the theatre I caught a glimpse of the napkin holder where belonged by booger of prefilm hysteria. My



snot had mysteriously vanished.

Later that night, falling asleep with my beloved V. beside me, I comforted myself by imagining that Ponech's cuff brushed the holder and picked up my interloper like a hidden message that
(continued on page 10)

The President and the Gods

HALLS OF POWER

by Autumn Haag

Paralleling American political satire with classical Greek tragedy is artistically and politically, perhaps only a stretch in time.

The premise of the Player's Theatre Production, *Halls of Power*, written and directed by McGill student Timmothy S. Fitzsimmons, sounds solid. The president, played by the playwright, is under the investigation of a tribunal for alleged illegal business activity. The play centers on the ruler and his three advisors, named Red, White, and Blue. These advisors pride them-

selves on their ability to retain amazingly large amounts of information. The smallest detail is deemed important to their techniques of spin control.

Matters in the House however, are complicated by the fact that the estranged First Lady is in meetings with her own advisors, and is planning to run against the president in the next election. The couple's son and his friend are also present, playing games and causing headaches to security.

When the tribunal's decision is released, the play takes an un-

expected turn. It is unlikely that President Clinton will be taking similar action in the near future, although there are those that would support him.

It is with this twist in events that the trouble with *Halls of Power* occurs. It endeavors to synthesize two different genres of theatre. The story is clearly based on the current political and personal woes of the American President; the angry wife, the indiscretions, and the cute kids are undeniably Clintonian. However, this presi
(continued on page 10)



PHOTO BY CELINE HEINBECKER

Music Piracy

MP3 PLAYERS AND WEB SITES SHAKE UP THE INDUSTRY

by Gabe Flores

Not quite a walkman, minidisc player, or discman, the Rio PMP300 which stores digital sound represents the biggest threat to the music industry since blank cassettes. Slightly larger than a pager, and smaller than a pack of cigarettes, it may prove deadly to musicians and executives alike. The introduction of Diamond Multimedia Systems' Rio MP3 player has renewed an ongoing debate that has long been happening in cyberspace about the seemingly unstoppable growth of the internet.

While the commercial potential of the internet is only now beginning to be explored, the most conspicuously absent industry has been music. Lagging far behind society's insatiable appetite for cyberporn and on-line Martha Stewart Home products, the music industry has dragged its feet, relying in large part on the convention of trekking to the local record store to buy a copy of your favorite band's latest album. Industry heavyweights Sony, Warner Bros., EMI, BMG Entertainment and Universal Music Corporation have only recently awakened to the realization that the Internet has become the proverbial candy store for everyone with access and a little knowledge on how to use a search engine.

Diamond's Rio PMP300 MP3 player is making shock waves in the music industry. Capable of storing up to 60 minutes of music on a microchip, this compact device is the answer to joggers tired of skipping CDs or battery-guzzling Walkmans. Running on a single AA battery, the Rio as it has come to be affectionately known, is turning the music industry on its head.

At the source of the problem is the baffling simplicity with which one can "rip" any CD. Unlike recording onto cassettes, sound quality is not lost when a CD's digital format is copied onto another digital format on a computer. Essentially, a perfect copy of any CD from Abba to Zappa can be encoded into the MP3 format.

MP3, an acronym for Moving

Picture Experts Group audio layer 3, allows each song to be converted into a manageable file with a compression ratio of 10:1. The compression in itself is not impressive, but the retention of nearly indistinguishable CD-like sound quality is an important advancement. A file, for example a four-minute track off of REM's latest album, translates into roughly four megs—depending on the quality of the encoding. This allows such files to be e-mailed through cyberspace, meaning that even a person with internet capability limited to e-mail would be interested in MP3 format.

CDs became the standard in the 80s with the fall from grace of the vinyl record. Music companies felt that the CD was the perfect format for music. Moving from vinyl, with its scratch-prone surface, to the ill-fated 8-track and the portable yet limited analog cassette, CDs represented a cheap and marketable vehicle for music. While other mediums, such as Digital Audio Tape came and went, an entire generation has grown up listening to CDs. However, with the progress of technology, the music industry by resting on its laurels is now playing catch-up.

The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), known as the music industry's copyright enforcer and backed by the corporations, has been cracking down on internet piracy by either issuing "cease and desist" warnings to pirate web sites or by taking legal action. Unfortunately, because of the sheer size of the internet, their activity barely scratches the surface of the problem. In fact, for every pirate web site they dismantle, there are perhaps a dozen that sprout in other corners of the

web. Furthermore, the internet is only a portion of the territory the RIAA has to police. Their activity also involves stamping out illegal CD manufacturing in piracy hotspots such as Asia and Latin America. Add to this the introduction of the Rio.

Last fall, when Diamond Multimedia Systems was preparing to launch the Rio in North America, the RIAA filed a court injunction trying to prevent distribution of a device they saw as a threat to the music industry. Saying that the Rio will promote rampant piracy, the RIAA cited the US Audio Home Recording Act of 1991

(Canada has considered adopt-

royalties into a fund that is distributed among artists and record companies. Exempt from this law, the Rio manufacturers were still capitalizing on the MP3 format, which cannot distinguish between legitimate and pirated music.

The RIAA's injunction was eventually struck down only a month before this year's crucial Christmas rush, allowing Diamond's Rio to become the hottest gadget gift of the season. Citing a "don't kill the messenger" type argument, Diamond felt singled out from other software companies that also depend on the MP3 format

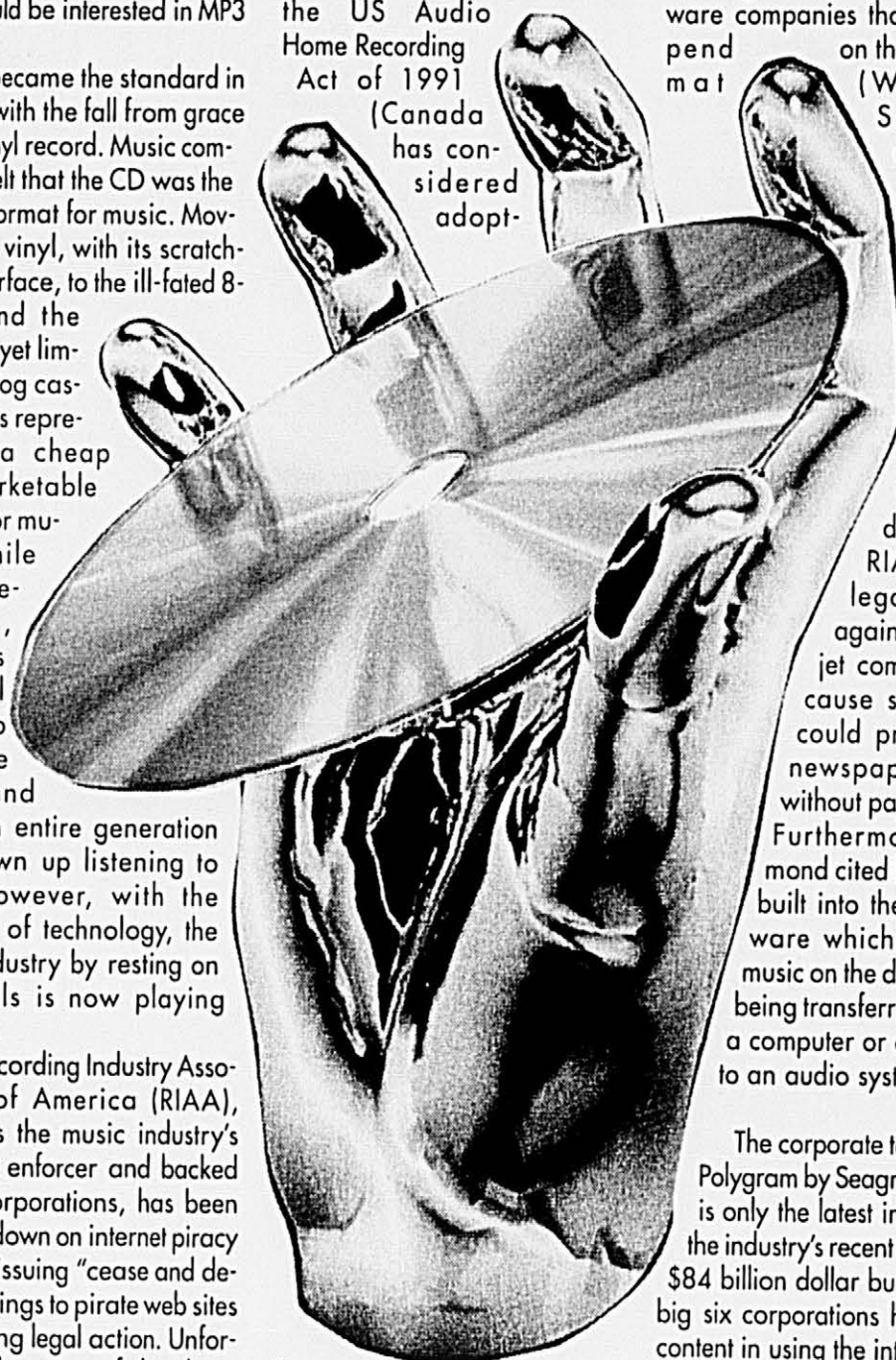
industry giants assembled a contingency plan. Regaining control over the technical aspect of pirating has become their first priority. With the MP3 format accepted worldwide as the new standard, the RIAA has launched the "secure digital music initiative."

The secure digital music initiative, or SDMI as it is known in the acronym-happy Silicon Valley, is the industry's answer to MP3. A consortium of software developers, record companies, the RIAA, and even Diamond Multimedia have decided to band together in order to solve the growing problem. With the blindly optimistic intention of replacing the now demonised MP3 format with one that will "aspire to protect the intellectual property rights of music companies while not stifling the rapidly growing market for internet music sales," this may be a case of too little, too late.

The record companies, set on reigning in the lost revenue, are now even banding together to form an internet site that will somehow dominate the cyberlandscape, offering little more than an authorized version of music now obtainable for free.

At the most fundamental level is the need for the recording establishment to acknowledge the changes that the internet has brought with it. While it is breaking down borders and redefining market demand, the internet is also revamping music distribution.

The illusion of control the music companies have in maintaining a grasp on how the internet can be used to their advantage — by cutting out the retailer — is overshadowed only by their inherent greed. Furthermore, as the futile efforts of the RIAA in policing the internet have shown, flexing legal muscle in cyberspace amounts to little when considering the vastness of the net. Growing at an exponential rate, the internet may eventually succeed in creating a direct line between the artist and the audience.



ing similar legislation) which was originally intended for Digital Audio Tape. Referred to as the AHRA, the law requires audio equipment manufacturers to enforce copyright protections and to pay

The corporate takeover of Polygram by Seagram's MCA is only the latest indicator of the industry's recent success. A \$84 billion dollar business, the big six corporations have been content in using the internet simply as a marketing tool. Neglecting advances in software, and relying solely on CD technology long since proven inferior has resulted in the rampant plundering of music. Only now, at the heels of the RIAA's legal defeat have

on the Internet

MUSIC ARTISTS SPLIT ON THE ISSUE

by Natalia
Lorentziadis

The MP3 player peaks out of the ocean of internet piracy, as a symbol for the legitimacy of downloadable music off the internet. Representing only the tip of that iceberg, and the only tip legal enough to be exposed, the MP3 player has brought into the spotlight issues that should have been dealt with years ago. The current situation stands as it does, i.e. with record labels highly uncomfortable with the expansion of the internet as a means for distribution, because the music industry has failed to face its problem early enough. The fact that the MP3 Rio player now has the capacity to make the once illicit downloadable music both legal and portable, is only a by-product of a long existing problem.

Executives of the music industry even today seem to neglect the implications of this technological evolution. Although some are affected in more immediate and penetrating ways than others. Artists, record labels, record stores and consumers seem to be rather optimistic about the incorporation of new technology as such in the music world.

HMV Marketing Manager, Denis Germain claims that "in the long run [the MP3] might hurt a few of what we call the 'one hit wonders', because their album relies on this one hit tune." But he asserts that he does not think the internet interference will have a major impact on HMV "because people still love to get the albums, the lyrics and the photos." According to Germain there is only "a small part of the population that could really do damage —there are people still today that don't know how to program a VCR!"

This is a fair enough argument, but how reliable is HMV's representation of the record industry on this issue, when it so blatantly turns a blind eye to its ridiculously loose "exchange policy." This implies HMV's oblivion toward the possibility of piracy and illegal distribution—or rather redistribution from its own customers. Piracy in the music industry is inevitable.

But for some, piracy does not

necessarily walk hand in hand with a negative concept. Small record labels see the distribution of music through cyberspace, legal or illicit, as a possible benefit to their business. Scot Giampino from Touch and Go Records stated, "I think it [the internet] could help us tremendously just because it will expose people that normally wouldn't hear a Touch and Go band to our label's music."

According to Mr. Giampino, who is the Publicity Director of this small label in Chicago, having samples of music available on the internet—even though free—could draw consumers into wanting to buy the "whole package." This is all true, but the hypothetical statement that the 'net' could possibly lure consumers into buying the album itself, instead of finding the entire album on a web site and downloading it onto their hard drive, is not entirely convincing.

Giampino exasperatedly complained that "everyone's just so damn concerned with every little last dollar that they're not getting...I think people just need to relax."

People in fact have been relaxed to the point of falling asleep in a pool of their own apathy toward this pressing issue. Perhaps it is time to lift an eyelid and engage our minds a little. The emergency alarm seems to have hit the big record labels, and surely their morning coffee will soon find its way into our laps.

According to Sony Music Manager New Media, Jennifer Hollett "the record industry gets nervous when they hear of MP3 and downloading music because that is not helping album sales. The purpose of the record industry is to sell albums, and anything that is going to prevent them from doing so will get them scared." The fatal question as Jennifer Hollett points out, is "if you hear something you like on the radio, why would you want to go buy the album if you could go to www.mp3.com, download the song, burn it on your CD player and then away you go on your discman? That's what record labels are afraid of." And it is the

record industry that nurtures the most active fear toward the recent ruthless intrusion of the internet into their business.

The artists too, have taken actions of rebellion. A recent petition was circulated among European bands and published in last month's *Financial Times* under the telling title "Artists Unite to Protect Your Copyright." The undersigned ranged from Erasure to Supergrass. Such actions reveal obvious and justifiable concern coming from the most vital ingredient of the music industry—the musicians themselves.

Signed and established musicians are obviously concerned with the way the ball is rolling and sweeping past their royalties in such a remorseless way. With their music being freely and illicitly marketed on the internet without their consent or their share of deserved royalties, artists are more than entitled to be weary.

New bands however, such as Montréal's Ospex and Leeds England's Bamboo Rain, who are still struggling to gain a wider public, are finding that the internet presents a wealth of opportunity. Rowland Drewell of funk rock band Bamboo Rain, asserts that unsigned bands like his own, may benefit from the net by allowing them to "get a fair hearing" and "obtain a wider audience, as opposed to sending demo tapes to one or two people" in a record company.

The idea of entering the market independently is of course an attractive option for bands like Bamboo Rain, and Drewell con-

firms that "if I had enough money and knew the right people, I would omit the middleman [the record label] and handle my own



LESSER-KNOWN ARTISTS, SUCH AS THIS MASKED POWERCHORDER, NOW HAVE THE POWER TO DISTRIBUTE THEIR WORK FREELY AND GAIN MORE EXPOSURE.

distribution." But without the right resources, Drewell continues, by "bypassing the record label" artists risk "preoccupying themselves with the production and distribution." Drewell makes a good point as he argues that if artists chose to handle their music independently, "the end result might be that you've got something on the market that you've totally done yourself production-wise, but that is not as good as it would have been quality-wise if under a label."

The omission of the middleman, or the record label, can mean a number of things for artists. The percentage that labels usually claim for the sales of albums is already sky-high—and that does not cover the promotion fees which come out of the bands' pockets. Publicity on the net, therefore, is an attractive alternative for bands who are hesitant to sign a restricting record deal. Andrei Laptev from recently

signed Ospex, suggests that "the fact that you forego some possible revenues at the beginning of your career can be negligible to the amount of coverage or word of mouth you will receive through releasing your stuff on the internet."

Laptev goes on to say that if he had the option of going independent he too would hesitate. "The promotion is taken care of by the label" he confirms, "but everything comes out of our pockets." Independent distribution, with the right control for the collection of revenues, could be the way more bands choose to go.

The MP3 format, alongside the newly marketed MP3 player, make music readily available on the internet. Although lacking the proper control to distinguish between legitimate and pirated music, the MP3 has been accepted as the standard in the market, and is finally beginning to turn a substantial number of heads. Its influential entrance into the music industry can no longer be ignored, stopped or diverted. The internet is weaving itself into the industry with great rapidity, and the long-term effects that this uninhibited market will have on the presently standing industry are immeasurable.

Although as consumers we get the better end of the stick, it is important to be aware that piracy affects bands' royalties and thus the bands' effective production and distribution. Our own exploitation of the available music on the net has its consequences, yet control is something that must be introduced by those who bear the biggest burden—the record labels themselves.

Control, however, seems to be a concept of impossibility—for controlling the internet is like trying to put a leash on something as ethereal as cyberspace. The internet will always be a source for piracy. Regardless of the introduction of the MP3 players, with the amount of illicit downloading and "burning" of music that takes place, the problem is insurmountable.

www.deathclock.com

YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED

by Jen Chen

// Welcome to the Death Clock, the Internet's friendly reminder that life is slipping away...second by second."

The Death clock is an Internet site that predicts your death by measuring the time of your last breath to the exact year, month, minute and second. To activate the clock you must simply enter your birthdate and sex. You then set the mode of the clock (your choices are normal, pessimistic and sadistic) and away it goes. The clock uses the average life expectancy of each respective gender to figure out what approximate moment you will die.

"The Death Clock will remind you just how short life really is."

The idea of logging onto a web site which calculates the date of your death seems inherently morbid. To have it laid out so bluntly and mathematically does not leave much room for escape...then again, how reliable is the accuracy of a clock that only takes into account two basic variables? The Death Clock ignores other considerations that might have a bearing on the length of

time one will live, like for example, weight and family or personal health history. Then again the beauty and appeal of the site could lie in its simplicity and lack of technically convoluted details. This is perhaps an indication of our society's desire for immediate answers, where fewer complications are always better.

It is not clear how many log on believing the results of the death clock are the unequivocal truth, and consequently alter their lives.

"The Death Clock will keep you aware of just how little time is left on this dirty little planet of ours."

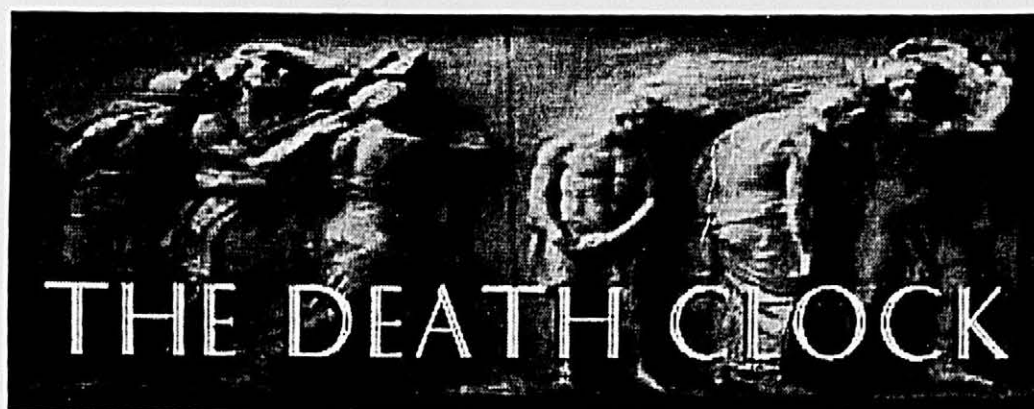


PHOTO BY CELINE HEINBECKER

TICK TICK TICK TICK.....

The web site is in itself a grave site of contradictions. There are rather deceptive icons such as *The Testament* and *The Will*. The graphics are actually quite clever, drawing the visitor in to look at areas they might not otherwise explore. There are sections for let-

ters from people who were very happy with their results, the most frequently asked questions, and even a page for the awards given to the site! No doubt, it must have been difficult to put other pertinent material on the site, since all other information has to compete with the answer to the BIG

question. The rest of the site seems oddly business-oriented and earthly. In one part the clock reads, "You can now buy your own Death Clock - a compliment to any desk, home, or cell...the Death Clock can be yours for only \$89.95 US. Don't delay, time is wasting away." De-

spite the dark subject matter, the tone of the writing is very upbeat and the rest of the content was quite lacking in ominousness. As the methodology of life is revealed, the mystery of death is removed and in effect, it is heartening to be reassured that the writer/designer is human after all.

"The End is Nigh. The Horse (wo)men of the Apocalypse walk the Earth, bringing death and destruction to all who meet their path."

Why are we obsessed with our own mortality? There seems to be a simultaneous fascination and horror with the subject of impending death. While dying is a universal occurrence, it is still approached with dread. Unfortunately, I do not have an answer to the age-old question of why we cannot happily accept our deaths as part of the course of life. Perhaps the purpose of this site is to give us peace of mind - once we know when death will happen, we can get on with fulfilling our lives more effectively. Check it out, maybe it will be a valuable contribution to the quality of your life, and help you get on with it.

Tobacco Taboos

by Monique Stringfellow

According to the most recent statistics, 62% of First Nations and Inuit smoke tobacco. This is a shockingly high number when contrasted with the non-Aboriginal rate of 31%. Also, this already high proportion jumps to 72% among First Nations people in the 20 to 24 year age group. Ac-

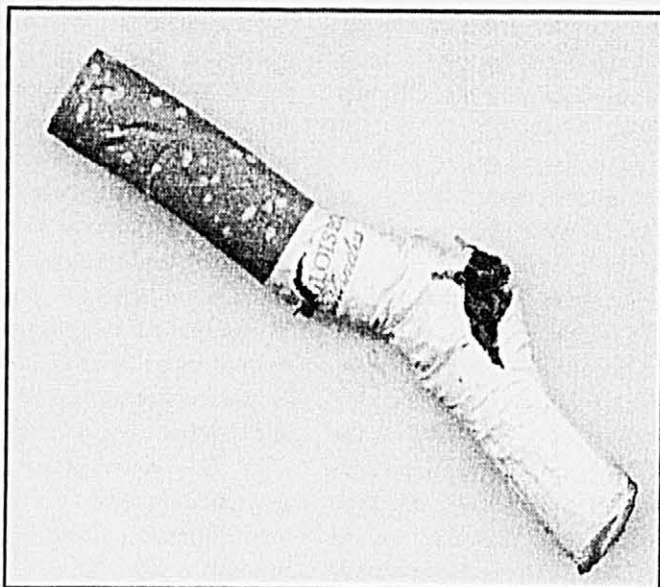
cording to Allen Deleary, the director AFN Health Secretariat, the root of the problem is twofold: the inverse proportion found between smoking and socio-economic status and the cultural relevance of tobacco among First Nations as a sacred herb. Tobacco abuse, like any other abuse, occurs to a greater degree among the lower

classes. First Nations people in general have a higher rate of poverty than the population of Canada as a whole. The second reason is more complex; tobacco is an integral part of the ceremonial and healing practices of the First Nations and Inuit. It is used in prayers and offerings; traditionally it holds an elevated place among these peoples.

At the Health Conference in Ottawa that took place the last weekend in January, The First Nations chiefs aimed to work with the government in order to build on already existing programs to combat smoking. The programs targeted children and young adults, because prevention is the key. In order to mobilize any forces against smoking, government aid must be enlisted. National Chief Phil Fontaine was working toward receiving support that is proportional to the level of smoking among his people. 40% of First Nations Chiefs have some

form of self-government. Allen Deleary raised the point that government money would be better spent on prevention than increased healthcare bills in twenty years. He advocates a curriculum development to target school-age children; this program would educate children on the harmful effects of tobacco smoking. It is a particularly precarious position for the First Nations people because of the cultural significance that tobacco carries. A distinction needs to be reached between tobacco as it is used ceremoniously and its more

common use. The curriculum that has yet to be established will be touching a delicate nerve. It must explain how something that has been traditionally known to heal can also kill and how something that is regularly offered to honour creation can simultaneously threaten human life.



Creative Space

poems. short stories. artwork. whatever. submit.
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They were driving slowly, gawking and taking pictures of each animal or tree they happened to pass on this simulated safari wonderland in New Jersey's Great Adventure. Anne and Michael's car, a well-preserved VW Beetle left over from the late 70's, gradually made its way across the rolling plains and savannahs of Northern New Jersey, when all of a sudden a very large and grey elephant noticed them and decided to take them and their poor little car head on. Giddy tourist excitement quickly turned into fear and then into full blown panic. There was nothing that could be done now, it all rested in the hands of the gods. The elephant with all its might and weight finally reached the now barely moving vehicle and to its owner's horror sat down on the front hood of the car. All Anne and Michael could do was wait, and so they did for about five minutes, after which the elephant got bored and possibly uncomfortable sitting on their sun-baked beetle. They couldn't see any other cars around. Using the binoculars they brought along for the safari experience, they searched the vicinity for any signs of human life - but there were none. How were they going to get back? it was already 5:00 and Michael's mother was expecting them in Brooklyn by 7:00 no later!, and the whole front half of the VW lay in virtual ruin in the middle of a dry virtual Kenya. Then, as if hit over the head by one of the smiling safari gods - Michael awoke from his momentary stupor and realized that their car was a VW Beetle after all - and the engine was in the back! After several tries they started the car, left Great Adventure, and even had time to pick up the tiramisu Michael's mother requested, and without which they dare not enter the borough of Brooklyn.

Yael Friedman



by céline heinbecker

Movement as Movement

A NIGHT WITH LA LA LA HUMAN STEPS

by Rachel Parsons

Exaucé is the newest performance to come out of Edouard Lock's company, La La La Human Steps. Now in its second decade of existence, La La La Human Steps is a Montréal-based company increasingly known for its artistic vivacity and leadership. Initially a group of contemporary and modern dancers, La La La now attracts classically trained dancers from the highest ranks, dancers lured by Lock's talent and the incredible challenge of his choreography.

At the beginning of *Exaucé*, all that can be heard are muffled voices and kitchen noises. It's as though a luncheon is going on upstairs. Wherever it is, it is meant to be distant; to point out specifically where we are not. The spotlight catches a female dancer at center stage, the piano begins to play softly, and at once the audience is founded in a sweet juxtaposition of time and space.

Held together by three live

musicians, (a pianist, a cellist, and an electric guitarist), the music accompanying the dance changes constantly. Some parts are taped, and we hear radio fuzz and sound bites. The music strays from heavy metal to the simple, sympathetic vibrations of the cello.

The costuming is minimal, the scenery even more so. The men wear casual suits and the women wear black-shortened leotards. Sometimes a labyrinth-like backdrop is lowered to alter the atmosphere—but not the setting. Lock fills these transition periods with two round screens that display footage (filmed by Lock) of infancy and adolescence.

The dancers (six women and four men), are exceptional. Each individual on stage is an accomplished artist, and each gives a beyond complete performance. Louise Lecavalier, a veteran of La La La, is famous for her robust physique and daredevil dancing. She is both generous and engag-

ing in her movement. The only woman not in point shoes, she provides a longed-for contrast to the movement of the other women, and as a dancer, is a force to be reckoned with.

Lock's choreography is incredible. He has a style that is genuinely his own. Fast-paced, risky and riveting, the movement he creates is wrought with fury, conflict and pain. Naomi Stikeman, when partnered by Jason Holmes, conveys the feeling of being trapped in a cage, fighting against an impossibility. Somehow, goodness rises up out of misery. The anger and conflict generate feelings of tenderness and hope. This no doubt stems from the courageousness of the movement.

The risks taken in *Exaucé* are immense. Lecavalier often takes great leaps into the air where she is nabbed by another of the dancers. The timing of the movement is extremely hectic and insists that the body redefine itself; the cho-

reography demands that the dancers be intrinsically transformed by the experience of rehearsing and performing this piece.

However, not everyone was taken in by *Exaucé*. In post-show conversation, some people complained that the unique style of Lock's choreography was far too monotone and that consequently the show went on for too long. Others complained that the piece was too abstract, and lacked narrative. It is this very lack of narrative however, that distinguishes Lock's work from most others. In fact Lock should be congratulated for



severing dance from its traditional ties to speech and social narrative in an attempt to present movement in its purest form.

Exaucé is at Place Des Arts this weekend: Feb. 11, 12 & 13. Call 842-2112 for tickets.

Events

Thursday, Feb 11

Cinémathèque Québécoise, 335 Maisonneuve East, at 9:30 p.m. is showing the film "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1966), with James Stewart, John Wayne, and Vera Miles, sub-titled in French. For more information call Diane Audet at 842-9768 ext. 255.

Saturday, Feb. 13

Be our Valentine. A unique ambience and romantic music will create the right mood for you next Feb. 13 and 14 at the skating rink of L'Ampithéâtre Bell! Saturday starting at 7 p.m., the skating rink is reserved for couples and singles of 16 years and over. Admission is "2 for 1". Our DJ plays all your favourite love songs. Door prizes. For info. call Anne Cooper at 395-4806.

Sunday, Feb. 14

Be our Valentine. All day Sunday, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., couples can skate to romantic tunes at L'Ampithéâtre Bell. Émile, our

mascot, will join from noon to 4 p.m. and will dance with all his Valentines. And don't forget there will be something sweet for all. For info. call Anne Cooper at 395-4806.

Monday, Feb. 15

The Concordia University Women's Centre and the Simone de Beauvoir Institute are proud to present Faith Nolan, musician and folk singer, in honour of Black History Month on Monday, February 15, 1999. She will perform a free concert at Concordia's Reggies Pub at 1455 de Maisonneuve W., Hall Bldg., 2nd floor, Mezzanine at 9 p.m. Earlier that day, she will also be leading a free workshop on Civil Rights and Black Women and the Blues in the Simone de Beauvoir Lounge located at 2170 Bishop at 1 p.m. Everyone is welcome to the concert and workshop. Please contact Nathalie Léveillé at 848-7431.

Tuesday, Feb. 16

Valentine's Day at Foulfoues.

Admission is free.

Cinémathèque Québécoise, 335 Maisonneuve East, at 9:30 p.m. is showing the film "My Darling Clementine" (1946), with French sub-titles. For more info. call Diane Audet 842-9768 ext. 255.

Atwater Library Lecture Series presents "Architecture of Montreal". Popular historian/author Aline Gubbay speaks on how Montreal's architecture has been influenced through the years by the great buildings of Europe. Slides will accompany the talk. Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater Avenue, Westmount at 7 p.m. Free admission. All are welcome. 935-7344.

Volunteer

The tutoring program initiated by Jewish Family Services of the Baron de Hirsch Institute needs volunteer tutors to work with individual children, primarily at the elementary level, either in Hebrew, French or English after school hours. Volunteers can make a

commitment of only an hour per week until the end of the school year. Call 342-0000 local 227.

Learn great employment skills! Volunteer to be a member of Le Frigo Vert's Board of Directors. The board is responsible for the policy programming, and the vision and long-term stability of the organization. Board members gain useful skills in administration, management, program evaluation, human resources, and non-profit organizations. The time commitment is five hours a week. Positions are available as of early spring 1999, for a minimum of six months. For info call 848-7586

Spend one hour a week with an elderly from your community and see what a difference you can make. Call us at: C.R.A.I.C., Elizabeth or Lorena at 273-6588.

Contactivity Centre, a Westmount non-profit community organizations for seniors needs volunteers to: spend an hour a week visiting with frail seniors at home, or to do weekly grocery

shopping for a senior lady who has trouble walking. All in the Westmount area. Contact Lisa for details at 932-2326.

Like to shop? So do many frail elderly in the Cote St. Luc area who need a hand. If you have access to a car and a couple of hours a week to share, you could be a SHOPPING MATE for the CLSC Rene-Cassin. Go ahead, make their day! For an interview call 488-9163 local 351.

Ongoing

McGill Center for Loss and Bereavement is offering support groups free of charge for anyone who is experiencing the loss of a family member or friend. For information, please call 398-7067.

Post-abortion support group. Small open discussion group in a comfortable environment to talk, listen, and receive support from others who have had a similar experience. Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month. 8:30 pm. Room 423 in Shatner.

(continued from page 5)

dent also displays the characteristics of the typical tragic Greek hero. He curses the gods when he believes his son has been killed, and manages to take it all back in the next breath, realizing his son is still alive. The children seem like typical young kids, until one of them expresses his aspiration to expose the chicken industry, and the other curses the gods as resoundingly as his father.

The characters are both modern and ancient, independent and fated, when a more simple characterization might have been more effective.

The classical Greek influence did work well in one instance: the advisors are slated as a chorus of sorts, and there is one especially creative scene where they move in time to music. As a whole, they are a united front with a mandate to serve and protect the president. In a twist from the classical Greek tradition however, they bicker and compete amongst themselves, revealing small pieces of personal information.

As in most classical Greek tragedies, the characters are ancillary, while the plot is central. *Halls of Power* takes place in one room, and in the space of a few short hours. There are spin doctors running around while the president gives speeches to the air. The speech-writer is in fact the most consistent character.

The acting is a somewhat mixed

bag, with some actors visibly more comfortable in their roles than others. The advisors do an admirable job in projecting a variety of emotions from petty spite to real concern for the president. At times they became caricatures, a necessary transformation for emphasizing the play's satire.

The president is not portrayed as an inherently bad person, rather he is caught somewhere between being a tragic hero and a complete scoundrel. It becomes hard to judge his actions and evaluate his situation as it is unclear if there is a difference between his public persona and private self.

The director's note in the program states that Americans take their current political situation "so darn seriously." However, at a time when Clinton's approval ratings are higher than ever, and the average American is angrier at the Republicans than the Democrats, that statement rings false.

The problem with the play, as with the politicians in the States, is that while both deal with serious issues that affect many people, they become redundant after a while, and it is therefore not worth the effort to figure out what they are trying to say.

Halls of Power is at Player's Theatre February 10th-13th, 17th-20th. Tickets are \$6 for students and seniors, \$8 for adults. Call 398-6813 to reserve tickets.

ambassador.

Revolution, n. The substitution of the rule of an Administration for that of a Ministry whereby the welfare and happiness of the people were advanced a full half-inch. Usually accompanied by a considerable effusion of blood.

To my booger, wherever you are: I send a message of hope and renewal, of honesty and love, to follow you unto the end of the world, and mayhap beyond...

Rushmore is playing at Loews.

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. **WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER.** The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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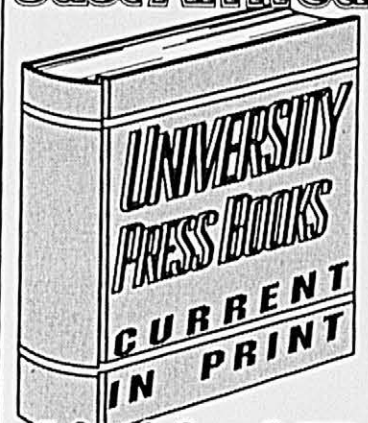
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Daily Publications Society Special General Meeting (SGM)

Monday, February 15, 1999

4:30 pm

The Student Center 3480 McTavish (room 310)

**The Election of Directors to the Daily Publications Society
1999-2000 Board of Directors will take place at the SGM**

Nominations open February 1
Nominations close February 10

Nomination Kits available at
The McGill Daily Office, Rm B07 until Feb. 10th.

Candidates will be announced between February 10 and February 15.

For further information, kindly contact
David Goldfarb Chief Returning Officer (CRO)
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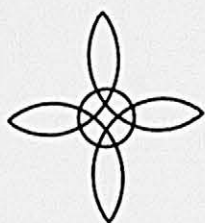
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- is compiled by the Sexual Assault Centre Of McGill's Student Society (SACOMSS).
- all submissions, English or French are welcome.
- deadline is February 15, 1999.
- submissions can be dropped off in the box in the Shatner foyer

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